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Providence, Aug. 12, 1874.

Dear Wife - Mrs. Dow sends you the enclosed photograph of the Doctor, recently taken, and a very good one too. I forgot to tell you that he is obliged to give all the Turkish baths himself to his patients and customers, having no one (as formerly) to do that unpleasant work, ~~but~~^{for} unpleasant it must be to remain so many hours in the hot bath rooms, and to scrub and manipulate the bodies of all comers, no matter what their ailments may be. I conclude that he is forced to do this as a matter of economy, his patronage at this season of the year being less than in the colder seasons. He goes through with it, however, as cheerfully as he does faithfully. I take a bath every afternoon, and like the cleansing process much; the Doctor manipulating my knees and spine pretty thoroughly, which affords temporary relief from pain, but nothing specially ^{has been} gained as yet. He still

speaks hopefully as to effecting a cure; but the chances, I think, are small. Julia counsels patience and perseverance, and says I must allow more time to elapse before indulging in any discouraging conclusions. But, for your sake and Fanny's, I cannot feel easy to remain so long away on an uncertainty. I know what will ^{intend} be your joint answer, and I certainly ^{intend} to make a fair trial, unless you really need my presence. At the end of a month of steady treatment, should I not be a whit better, I think that trial will have been made. In that case it will be no disparagement to Dr. Dow's skill, but will only show that the treatment is not adapted to the case, or that the case is fated to be inevitably incurable, try what I may. How many rheumatic sufferers there are, who have been such for many long years, having tried in vain all sorts of doctors and "infallible remedies"! Perhaps I am to join their ranks. If so, I shall hope to take my lot without complaint or despondency, and make the best of it—as you,

my stricken one, have so signally done in your own hard case. I would be doubly crippled for your sake, if thereby I could make you able to walk as freely as before your paralysis. Wendell suggests that I should find some relief in resorting to crutches, and says that Lucy thinks of trying them; but I must be much worse than I am now to think of doing so.

I have nothing special to communicate. As calling upon people is almost wholly out of the question, I find relief in sailing down the bay, as I again did yesterday to Oakland Beach, enjoying the trip greatly. There was a delicious breeze in going and returning, but the day was one of the hottest in the city.

To-day is the weekly clam-bake of the Squantum Club, and bro. Henry is of course bound to be there, as there is not a more constant attendant than himself.

Mary Townsend has returned from a visit to her friends in Taunton. She takes life as it comes, very pleasantly.

The State Farm, at Cranston, which I visited with Mrs. Chace, includes five hundred acres, on a high elevation, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect - Providence and a considerable portion of the Narragansett Bay being seen in the distance. There is one large building for the hopelessly insane, another for the common run of criminals, and another for the paupers. We were shown through them all by Mr. Brockway, the Superintendent, who was very polite in his attentions, and who expressed special pleasure on seeing me, as his father was an early and faithful abolitionist. Everything was in the best order.

I think of returning home on Saturday forenoon, and remaining till Monday, just to change the scene and bridge over my absence. In the afternoon I intend visiting Barnum's Hippodrome, as a spectacle doubtless worth seeing. But I want to see you all more all things else. Has Harry yet returned. Did Helen and Harold comprehend my letter? Yours own W. L. G.